



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,  
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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"She was not very grateful," said the six wise men, "and she cost you many hours of anxious thought. After all is not a wider charity of more avail?"

But the Princess turned upon the steps of her palace, where she had stood to watch the knight whom she loved, ride away with the maiden whom she had saved.

"A wider charity," she answered, "means only a less personal one. They both are happy now; and I content. Was it not my doing? For the rest—I have learnt a lesson: that all true love means ever sacrifice."

\* \* \* \* \*

You see she lived a long, long time ago, poor Princess!"

## AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have received very nice letters, telling me about the birds, from Audrey de Freville, who was a very fortunate little girl and actually heard eighteen birds on July 10th, and Cicily de Freville even heard twenty. Helen and Jack Boyd heard fourteen in Macclesfield. Edith and Hubert Fraser send very good accounts of a day in the hay-field. Cecil Jones sent a good list, and also a present of two very big lettuces, which he has grown in his own garden. I have never tasted such good ones. I hope I have not forgotten any writer's name, but, as I am at present taking a holiday, and going from place to place, it is somewhat difficult to keep my letters in order. I still have a white vest from July and hope its owner will claim it. This month you must have complete rest, and I will give you nothing to observe. You can do that every day, can you not; but you need not write and tell me what you see. Wishing you all a happy holiday time.

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

## WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

Little Mamie was crying bitterly. She had no dolly to play with. Her lovely wax doll, that said "Mamma" and "Papa," had been knocked down by Gyp, the fox-terrier, and was quite spoilt. Just then, Aunt Dorothy came into the room, and, sitting down, told Mamie to run into the garden and bring her six poppies, and she would give her the most lovely little dollies. Away ran Mamie, and soon returned with scarlet, white and purple poppies. "Yes, that is right," said Auntie, choosing the biggest first and stroking down the leaves, "Look what funny eyes and a long nose he has, and what a nice mouth," and she put all in with tiny beads. "Does'nt he look like father? I think he must be the father of our poppy family." Then Auntie got another stalk and tied it to the other underneath the leaves, and cut both the same length and bent the feet out. These were father's legs.

Then she asked Mamie to fetch her a piece of wool, because cotton would cut, and wound it round the leaves, leaving a waist above it, and tying it on one side to look like the girdle of a dressing gown. Mamie was then allowed to put a pin right through the shoulders, and a stalk was pushed through to make long arms. Auntie then cleverly made a smoking cap of thin paper, and father looked splendid. "Oh, what a lovely dada!" cried Mamie. Auntie chose the white poppy for the mother, and made her in the same way. She had a lovely ruffle round her neck and wore a bonnet made out of a geranium leaf. Then came four children, the baby being made out of a bud, the green leaf forming its mantle. Of course the mother carried the baby in its nice long clothes. The back leaves were left loose of the little girls to make capes. When Mamie saw the whole family sitting on the couch, they did look so comical that she danced and laughed, and said they were the loveliest dolls she had ever seen.

#### SEPTEMBER.

Cauliflower and broccoli may still be sown. Thoroughly manure and dig a piece of ground to be ready for planting out cabbages, savoy and other winter greens.

Prick out the lettuce and endive plants sown last month. It is not too late to make weekly sowings of lettuce, cress, mustard and radishes. If the weather is showery early in the month, a small crop of carrots and turnips may be sown; and continue to hoe and thin out those sown in early summer, leaving spaces of six inches between the plants. Collect mint, sage, marjoram and other pot-herbs, tie in bunches, and hang up to dry for winter use. Some people spread the leaves on trays in the sun till thoroughly dry, then pound, run through a sieve, and bottle; be careful that the leaves are perfectly dry, else your seasoning will be mouldy and useless.

Apples and pears should be harvested this month, some are ripe earlier than others and much depends on the season. Choose a bright sunny day. Pick each fruit carefully, place in baskets; do not bruise else the fruit will not keep. Have a dry duster and wipe carefully each apple and pear before placing in the store room.

You can tell when fruit is quite ripe enough to gather as it only requires a gentle touch to dislodge it. There are many ways of storing fruit: a simple one is to spread on a floor or shelves with a thin layer of clean straw, hay or dried fern underneath and to cover. Do not let the apples touch. Late pears and apples ought not to be gathered till the leaves fall off the trees. Kill all the single wasps you see, as they are queens looking for a place to lay their eggs in.

#### OUR LITTLE COOKS.

*Cecil's Cakes.*  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. flour, 4 oz. sugar, 4 oz. butter (wash salt out),  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful cold water, pinch of salt, 3 almonds. Mix the above well together, roll, and cut into shapes. Pour boiling water over almonds, peel and chop them. Grease a tin, and put the cakes on it; paint each with egg, and put small quantity of almonds mixed with coarse sugar in the middle. Bake in oven about fifteen minutes. These are delicious cakes.

*Egg Cream Jelly.* One egg, one-third pint milk, quarter ounce gelatine, one ounce castor sugar. Soak gelatine in a small quantity of the milk. Beat the yolk of the egg; add it to the milk with the ounce of sugar. Let the rest of the milk come to the boil, and then pour it over the soaked gelatine, yolk of egg, sugar and milk; stir and boil again. Pour it on to the well-beaten white of egg; mix vanilla. Pour into little moulds, when cold it looks like thick cream surrounded by clear jelly.

#### COMPETITIONS.

Owing to the holidays I have only received half the usual number of garments, but several have thoughtfully written to give the reason for this non-arrival. There will be no competition in September, and in October the night dress will be given.

Class I. Age 11 to 14. Memie Allen and Dorothy Fox received the prizes. Maud Gordon, Evelyn Dyke, and Agnes Toller have also done good work, even better than usual.

Class II. Age 10 and under. Kathleen Drew and Gina Robertson have won the prizes. Rhoda Goddard also gets one, as her work is equal to Gina's, and Felicité Metcalfe.

The following have sent very pretty cloaks, and have sewn them well. Dorothy Senior, 9, Emmie Wilson, 10, Joan Newman, 10, Letty Pumfrey, 9, Cicely Foster, 9, Helen Dyke, 9, Jennett Backhouse, 10, May W. Vernon, 9, Dorothy Yeo, 7, Marjorie Lawrence, 9, Cicely Cholmondely, 8, Helen Boyd, 10.

### THE FAIRY DOLL.

(Adapted from old German.)

"Keep a fairy or two for your children."—*Ruskin*.

IN a large beautiful house there once lived a little girl called Helen, who was of course dearly loved by her father and mother. She was such a pretty child that, when she walked out with her mother, everybody admired her, she was so friendly and pleasant to strangers. But those who knew Helen better, and saw her often, knew that sometimes she was *very* naughty. If mother asked her, for instance, to fetch something for her, she would sulk, and say "I don't want to;" and if other children touched her toys she would often run at them and knock them down. When nurse came in the morning to dress her, she would hang her head and not stand still one minute, so that it was almost impossible to button her clothes on, and if nurse tried to make her quiet she often, I am sorry to say, scratched her just like a cat. Helen was always sorry when she had been so naughty; she really did not mean to hurt any one, and she would kiss nurse and beg her pardon so prettily that nurse would hide her poor scratched hands from her mother, and did not tell her of Helen's bad temper. After this Helen would try very hard to be good for a short time, until she forgot, and hurt poor nurse again. She was so wild,—always climbing and jumping just like a boy, and often tore and soiled her dresses, and didn't even care if visitors saw them. At table she refused to eat this and that, and no matter how nicely cooked the food was, would leave it on her plate, and scream for something else. She ate so quickly that she sometimes

brought on great pain, and then had to go to bed and drink camomile tea. Helen was also very proud of her fine dresses, and looked down on children who did not wear such pretty clothes. She knew that her father was the richest man in the town.

Helen was very disobedient at times to her mother, so that her parents knew she was not a perfect little girl; but they were so fond of her, they could not make up their minds to punish her, and so she grew worse and worse.

One day an uncle came on a visit, and brought Helen the most beautiful doll you ever saw. The face, neck and arms were of wax, and inside the body were several wires, so that she could remain in any position she was placed in. If she was pressed, a little song came out, and if she was laid down, she shut her big brown eyes, and went fast to sleep. Dolly was wonderfully dressed, she wore a pale blue silk dress, and a wreath of white roses on her hair, and fastened to this a long white veil, as thin as a spider's web. Her necklace seemed to be made of the most precious stones, and in her hand she actually carried a little visiting card, on which was written, "For a good child."

Helen was nearly out of her mind with delight, she sprang on to her Uncle's knee, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him so often that he was quite out of breath.

Then she took Dolly, and screamed with joy at each new discovery. When she read the card, she suddenly got very red, because she knew she did not deserve it; but she made up her mind that she would always be a good girl in the future. The whole day she played with Dolly, called her her greatest friend, and when she went to bed, she laid her on a silk shawl by the side of her cot, on a chair, and watched her close her eyes and go to sleep.

Helen also shut her eyes, and dreamt that she saw a lady sitting on the chair where she had laid Dolly, who was so beautiful that rays seemed to come from her. She was dressed just like the doll, and as Helen looked more closely, she saw that the light came from the necklace. Helen was so startled that she put her face under the bedclothes; but a sweet voice said, "Do not be afraid, Helen, look up and listen to me." The little one felt her courage return, and looked again at the lady.

"You called me yesterday your best friend, and so I promise you to be."

"Oh," said Helen, "I meant my Dolly, give her again to me! You are so big, you won't play with me. Oh, my Dolly! My best friend!" And the child hid her face in her hands and began to cry.

"Do not cry, child," said the lady laughing, "You shall have Dollie again; but listen first to what I have to say to you. I am a fairy who lives in the star that you see every night shining down on your garden. When I wish to come down to earth, I wrap myself up in a cloud, and in a moment I am where I wish to go. There are both good and bad Fairies who like to play with children. Whenever a little child is born the Fairies meet round its cot and give it their presents. I am the Fairy Farbena, and as soon as you came into the world, I flew to you and gave you health and strength and a good heart, and had only got so far when my enemy Fairy Farmale appeared. She struck you with her wand and said to me, 'You are before me. I cannot now give this child a bad heart, or sickness, but I *can* give her something else that will in time destroy all *your* presents.'

"She touched you again with her wand and cried out, 'Little Earth child, accept the gifts of Fairy Farmale, which are pride, temper, idleness, and a pleasure in tearing and soiling your clothes.'

"She disappeared, and as in a moment you woke up in a perfect passion, I knew that her gifts had been accepted.

"Since then I have tried so often to help you to throw away these presents. You grew older, and very strong and healthy, and you always *meant* to be kind; but, alas, you generally chose the evil gifts, and were wild and disobedient and naughty. Now, out of love for you, I have come to you in a big doll. It is a great sacrifice for me to leave my beautiful, bright star, and be shut up in a nursery, and even that is not the worst. For every naughty word you speak, for every unkind act you do I have to bear the punishment. Now we shall see if your kind heart will allow that."

When Helen woke up the next morning she quickly looked at the chair. Yes, the fairy had disappeared, and Dolly lay there sleeping. Helen took her in her arms, and saw the eyes open with delight.

"Are you really a fairy?" she said; and she pressed her, and Dolly sang her little song; and she looked again at the beautiful clothes.

"What a curious dream I have had. It must have come because I was so delighted with Dolly. I won't tell it to anybody or Dolly may really turn into a fairy," murmured Helen, as she got out of bed to be dressed. She let nurse wash and dress her very quietly, and did not say or do one naughty thing the whole day, until the evening when the maid came to set the table at which Helen was playing, when she spoke crossly, and told her to go away.

When she came to the round table where the lamp was burning, she was quite frightened. She saw that one stone of the necklace had quite faded and looked like a rusty button. She tried to break it off, but couldn't, it was too fast.

"Well," said she, "I will hide it under the veil and then no one will notice it. That stupid girl must have spilt some water over it."

Scarcely had the words left her lips than she saw a second stone fade. Poor Helen began to cry: she saw then that for every naughty act or word one of the beautiful shining stones would fade.

The next day, when Helen was in school, she thought to herself that it would not matter what she did when Dolly could not see her, so she was very lazy, and would not learn her spelling. Alas! when she got home she found that one of the white roses had disappeared. No one could have taken it as she had locked Dolly in a drawer and had taken the key with her. Helen tried to comfort herself with the thought that, even with a faded stone and a lost rose, Dolly was still the most beautiful in the world. But poor Dolly had much to suffer through Helen's faults. One day, Helen did not like her dinner. She would not touch the soup, and as she sulkily stirred up the vegetables with her spoon, her mother said, "Do eat something, child, you shall have some cake afterwards," and Helen actually pulled a face. When she flew to Dolly after dinner, she could scarcely believe her eyes. From the mouth to the red cheeks were two ugly spots, one which shone just like the soup that she had left on the plate, and the other, green, just the colour of the vegetables.

"Oh! I'll soon wash you off," said Helen, and she ran to the washstand. But it did not matter how much soap she used, or how hard she rubbed, the spots would not disappear. Helen looked at them and sighed, "Well, she is even yet lovely." And so Dolly was, in spite of the ugly spots, and if Helen had tried hard she could have kept her so, but it is difficult for a naughty child to change quickly.

The next morning Helen got up feeling peevish and cross, and nurse found it very difficult to dress her and comb her hair, and as she was putting her pinafore on she snatched it away so quickly that it tore in two. She begged nurse's pardon when she saw this, but what was the use, when poor Dolly had to bear the punishment? Dolly's hair fell no longer in curls over her shoulders, but hung in long straight wisps under the veil, which was torn in two like Helen's pinafore.

As Helen really had a good heart, she was very unhappy, and made up her mind that she would try to be better, but even in the next play hour she was so wild that she dirtied her clean dress, and, of course, in the evening, found the lovely blue silk quite spoilt.

That night, after Helen had fallen asleep, the Fairy again came to her bedside, looking very sad and pale.

"Look, Helen," she said, "what you have done to me. What will become of you? You will be only a naughty child who will make your parents unhappy, and be disliked by everyone in the house."

"Oh, dear Fairy," said Helen, "is there no chance for me? Will you never again be as beautiful as you were when I first saw you, and shall I always be a naughty girl?"

"There is only one chance," said the Fairy, "that will enable me to become what I was. As soon as you conquer your faults I shall change."

"Oh!" said Helen, "I don't want to be naughty, but, dear Fairy, it is very difficult to be good. I should so like to kill all my faults; but I cannot."

"You can if you will," said the Fairy. "Take one fault first, and cure it, and then take another, and so on, and you will soon find it quite easy."

When Helen awoke she felt her eyes smart as though she had been crying.

"I will try to do as the Fairy told me," she said. She allowed herself to be dressed and washed, and gave nurse no trouble at all, and even had time to play with Dolly before she went to school. She hoped that the hair would again be curling over the shoulders, but she was mistaken; because to stop a fault once is not to cure it. Still she thought the hair did not hang quite so straight.

At the end of the week, during which Helen had done her lessons well, and had been polite and kind to nurse, she saw that, although the hair did not curl, that it grew soft and shone like silk, and to her joy she found a half-opened white rose lying on it. As she looked closer she discovered a shining stone in the necklace. There was only one stone and one rose; but Helen saw with delight that if she tried to be good, the Fairy would be rewarded, and she cried aloud, "Good Fairy Farbene, do help me to be good."

The second week she found it easier. On the Sunday, when nurse was combing her hair she caught it in a curl, and Helen called out, but instantly checked herself when she thought of Dolly. Oh! what a joy. When she took her up she found all the lovely curls had come again, and the necklace shone on her neck, and not one faded stone could be found in it. The veil was no more torn, and the blue dress was perfect. This was because Helen was more careful with her dresses. She pressed Dolly closely to her and said, "My best friend, you shall never be spoilt any more."

In spite of this promise sometimes a rose disappeared, or a stone faded, or a lock came out of curl, or the dress was soiled; but Helen quickly noticed these and tried, by being very good, to improve them again.

The only blemish that remained were the spots on the cheeks, so every day Helen tried to eat, little by little, the food she did not care for, and the spots grew paler and paler, until they were no more to be seen.

I hear you all say, "Oh mother, if we could have such a Dolly, we should always be good children."

Little children, learn diligently at school, and be good and obedient at all times, and then you will need no good Fairy to help you, and no bad Fairy can do you any harm.